







# Intaglio



The magazine for Massachusetts College of Art

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I've lived in many cities, but Boston has a personality common only to her and unequalled in its paradoxical inconsistency. The generally accepted image of Boston is that of a staid, respectable, cultivated, well-bred lady, and I must admit, these attributes do apply. However, the old Dame has a shady side which can be surreptitiously viewed in the early hours before dawn. Ironically enough, this image is apparent in the exact area where it should not even exist. I am referring to the "cultural area" of Boston encompassing the general downtown locale, the streets bordering the Charles River, enfolding the Back Bay region down to Huntington Avenue, an area that is crammed with galleries, schools, museums and libraries, and is stalwart in its traditions and habits of gracious and refined living.

The scene is set: it is 2:00 a.m., and you and a few friends are scurrying home. But as you approach Symphony Hall, which certainly ranks among the cultural landmarks of this Athens of America, you should slacken your pace and scrutinize the ground, for there is always a wild possibility that you might trip over some gentleman who is a trifle inebriated and therefore, decided to rest for a moment. A perfectly normal reaction, except that this idea generally strikes with lightning swiftness and seems to occur more often than not on the steps in front of Symphony Hall. A puzzling adornment, to say the least. Of course, it's possible that this reposing individual could have attended a concert and was just wafted into oblivion by the rapturous music. This explanation, however, leaves his present slumberous location to the passer-by's conjecture.



Well, let's try another area....Commonwealth Avenue. The haughty, aristocratic elegant townhouses flank both sides of the street and the lush green mall runs up the middle of the street like a zipper. The epitome of stately grandeur, one would murmur sanctimoniously. Ah, here comes a sweet little old lady clutching a sewing basket, exemplifying gentility as she slowly creeps up the street, evidently cowering in terror at the thought of being out so late. Obviously she must have been on an errand of mercy, attending someone suddenly stricken ill, and is now on her way back to her stately brownstone. As she approaches, you beam a warm, benevolent, humanistic smile upon her, to comfort this timid soul. She looks intently into your face, and speaks, "Whattya grinnin' at??? Ya some kindava nut???!!!" and then angrily wobbles down the street. Stunned, you turn to watch her, and that knitting basket begins to resemble a bottle wrapped in a T-shirt.

Well, let's leave Commonwealth Avenue. You can't trust this decadent aristocracy any longer. On to Beacon Street, narrower but just as visually appealing as Commonwealth. Here amidst this lovely foliage bordering the wrought-iron gratings enclosing brick townhouses, you'll find only soothing silence at this hour of the morning. Of course, there are various dorms, fraternity and sorority houses around, but the erudite students of Boston are known for their quiet demeanor and refined manners. Nevertheless, just then a shrill sound pierces the night air----can someone be keeping chickens in this neighborhood? As you draw nearer the cackling noise, you come across a group of young men and women calmly sitting on the sidewalk, passing around a receptacle which seems to contain some sort of liquid being greedily consumed by this little assemblage. They're a generous group, however, for as you endeavor to pass them by, pretending that you hadn't even noticed them, one of these young intellectuals taps your leg lightly with the neck of the bottle, thereby gaining your attention, and boisterously offers you a swig. Imagine! Some people claim that Bostonians are cold and unfriendly. How gauche!

By now you figure you might as well go home because you inanely assume the night's adventures are over, and everything is getting pretty dull, so you begin to wend your way back past Exeter Street, hopping from Beacon to Commonwealth, and down past Marlborough and to Newbury for a change of pace. And lo and behold, as you're sleepily collecting your thoughts, some stranger with a noticeably amiable disposition decides to join your group, assuming that you're all terribly anxious to hear every last nuance of his life history which he proceeds to tell you, prefaced with "Got a dime, Mac?"

And so whenever you hear someone piously refer to proper and dignified Boston, you smile indulgently, and perhaps even a bit patronizingly, at his ignorance and innocence of the stately, shady Dame.

# Things to Do

- ★ The most impressive exhibition in town at the moment is at Northeastern University through May 25. It is labeled "New England Art Today", and includes the works of many well-known artists of this area, with pieces by Mr. Hoener, Mr. Movitz, Mr. Berger, and just about everybody who's anybody. It opens at 10 in the morning and closes at 9 p.m., in the Godfrey L. Cabot Building, 360 Huntington Avenue. Don't miss it!
- ★ The twelfth annual Newport Jazz Festival will have a new location this year. It's called Festival Field, and is one mile from the center of Newport on Connell Highway. There will be seven performances during July 1-4, and this year's talent includes Count Basie, Dave Brubeck, Miles Davis, Duke Ellington, Dizzy Gillespie, Stan Getz, Carmen McRae, Joe Williams, The Modern Jazz Quartet, John Coltrane, Thelonius Monk, Herbie Mann, Buddy Rich and many others.
- ★ The Royal Ballet of London will appear at the Music Hall May 25 through May 30. The management has cagily refused to announce the cast for each performance, so that there is no way of finding out Nureyev and Fonteyn's performances until May 16. Consequently, ticket purchasing is a risky business for Nureyev fans. The two most unique productions of the company are a revised and expanded version of "Swan Lake" and Nureyev's choreographically revised interpretation of "Giselle".
- ★ Beginning May 10 for a three-week run at the Shubert is the Arthur Miller drama "After The Fall", a rather autobiographical account of a writer's life with three women, one of whom resembles a certain blonde movie star.
- ★ The 80th season of the Boston Pops with Arthur Fiedler opens on April 27 and continues nightly through June. This year there will be a change in policy, as the "rush" seats will now be sold as reserved tickets. These are for the second balcony, and the seating was a matter of getting there before anyone else. Now all seats in the hall are reserved. Please don't forget Mass. Art Night at the Pops! If everyone does not cooperate in this venture, there will be no incentive to have anything like it next year.
- ★ Do not, absolutely DO NOT, miss "Goldfinger" for the marvelous projection of the credits and the wild special effects, "Zorba, the Greek" for its earthy and entertaining story, "My Fair Lady", even minus J. A., for its gorgeous scenery and costumes, "Banana Peel" for its excellent team of Jeanne Moreau, Jean-Paul Belmondo and Gert Frobe ("Goldfinger"), and "How to Murder Your Wife", "Rattle of a Simple Man", and "Fanny Hill", which is so spectacularly censorable that the entire story has been butchered to the incredible length of four minutes!





That pop art, which delves into banal and boring subjects, should generate so much excitement is a confounding paradox. Jasper Johns' "Bronze Beer Cans" is not nearly as visually stimulating as a constructivist sculpture, yet it is certain that more will be said about it than the most intricate Gabo or Pevsner. Lichtenstein's "Forget it! Forget me! I know your kind!" is much more interesting to quote than "Get thee to a nunnery!" Andy Warhol's six-hour film, "Sleep", makes a zesty conversation topic. Sleeping, eating and drinking, although very important to us, are really not all that exciting.

Visually, action painting is very exciting. O.K. It's exciting, but what can you say about it? "Gee, I really like the way that red line in the upper left corner kind of darts across to the lower right and bumps into that big round blue shape!" How enthusiastic will your friend get when you tell him that painting "Number 14" is about nine feet long and has two black slashing strokes on one side and three orange ones on the other? Not too ecstatic, eh? But how about if you say, "Gee whiz, Irv! You should have seen this Oldenburg fella's 'Boston Cream Pie'. Fifteen feet tall, Irv. No kidding!" His interest in the exhibition catalog in your hand would probably be a little more apparent.

Pop art, rather than being just an esoteric joke on our society by artists immersed in "angry young man" ethics, is an effort to put on exhibit, before a startled public, proof of the grotesqueness of life, imposed by man, usually and paradoxically, abiding by accepted or appreciable aesthetic principles. The strangest part of this contradictory art form is that on the lowest level of appreciation, the reaction is usually one of repulsion, and only at the highest level of appreciation can the variety and richness and frequent satirical value of these works be grasped.



# GREAT SUMMERS!

Like to work this summer in some romantic forest in Germany? Maybe on construction in Austria, or on a farm in Norway or Sweden, or road building in Norway? Jobs in these countries and in Ireland, Switzerland, England, France, Italy and Holland are available, by the consent of the respective governments, to American college students who would like to go to Europe next summer.

For some years students crossed the Atlantic to take part in the actual lives of the people of these countries. This project was very successful arousing enthusiastic interest and support in America and Europe. Every year, the program has been expanded to include many more students and jobs. Already, many applications have been received. American-European Student Service (on a non-profit basis) is offering jobs to students in Germany, Scandinavia, England, Austria, Switzerland, France, Spain and Italy. The jobs consist of forestry work, child care work, farm work, hotel work, construction work, and some other jobs requiring more specialized training.

The purpose of this program is to afford the student an opportunity to get into real contact with the people and customs of Europe, and to learn something concrete about the culture of Europe. In return for his or her work, the student will receive room and board plus a wage. However, students should keep in mind that they will be working in the European economy, and wages will be scaled accordingly. The working conditions (hours, safety, regulations, legal protection, work permits) will be strictly controlled by the labor ministries of the countries involved.

In most cases, the employers have especially requested American students. Hence, they are particularly interested in the student and want to make the work as interesting as possible. They are all informed of the intent of the program, and will help the student all they can in deriving the most from his trip to Europe.

For further information and application forms, write to:

AMERICAN-EUROPEAN STUDENT SERVICE  
Via Santorre Santarosa 23  
Florence, Italy

A new organization to revolutionize student travel has been launched from New York City. It is the Trans-Atlantic Student Association with offices at 387 Park Avenue South. This association, nicknamed TRASA, was formed by a group of recent college graduates to remove the frustrations of student travel, and to bring overseas travel within the budget of every student in the United States. Special features of the TRASA plan include financing for vacations, air transport arrangements, group tours and accommodation in major European cities for TRASA members. In addition the organization will operate a student nightclub in New York City and will provide students with a wide variety of travel services, advice, and publications. It has reciprocal facilities in major European cities where its members



can meet European students and take part in genuine European student life. In this way TRASA's organizers believe a European visit will become more enjoyable and worthwhile. The aim is to achieve integration with European student activities and not to make gawking tourists out of American students.

The organization will publish twelve travel guides this summer, and plans to arrange travel for some twenty thousand students to Europe, the Caribbean and Israel between June and August of this year. More and more, travel is an integral part of the college curriculum and any student who does not venture abroad finds himself not only having missed the pleasure and excitement of a vacation overseas, but also at a decided disadvantage in his studies. TRASA can obtain uniquely low travel prices because of its large membership and comprehensive approach to the problems of traveling. For more information, write:

TRANS-ATLANTIC STUDENT ASSOCIATION  
387 Park Avenue South  
New York, New York 10016

Hailed as the "star of the show" at the World's Fair, the New York State exhibit, which this year featured over 67,900 performers from over 1,800 New York non-professional community groups, is inviting college organizations throughout the United States to appear in the Exhibit's huge "Tent of Tomorrow" during the 1965 season of the Fair (April 21st to October 17th, 1965). College bands, orchestras, choirs, glee clubs, quartets, combos, hootenanny groups, and virtually all kinds of college group performances are invited to perform as part of the Special Events program in the mammoth "Tent of Tomorrow". Over 60,000 people witness performances each day.

College organizations wishing to perform are asked to contact the Director of Special Events,

New York State Commission on the World's Fair  
1270 Avenue of the Americas (Room 304)  
New York, New York 10020

The New York State Exhibit also includes three observation towers---one of which, at 226 feet, is the highest point at the Fair. Over 12,000 visitors per day ascend to its observation platform in high speed capsule elevators rising on the outside of the column. The final component is the Theaterama, where a 12-14 minute, 360-degree motion picture on New York State as a place to work, live, play, and study is shown.

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## Magazine Award

Massachusetts College of Art will be represented this year on the national College Board of Mademoiselle magazine by Diane Kwiecinski. The Board is composed of winners of the magazine's annual College Board competition, a contest designed to recognize young women with talent in art, writing, editing, photography, layout, fashion design, merchandising, retail promotion or

advertising. Board members, from the United States, Canada, and abroad, were selected on the basis of entries they submitted showing ability in one of these fields. The girls will remain on the College Board until they graduate. During that time, they will report regularly to the magazine on events at their colleges. All College Board members are eligible to compete for the twenty Guest Editorships awarded by the magazine each May. To win one of the top twenty prizes, they submit a second entry which shows specific aptitude for magazine work. The twenty lucky Guest Editors go to New York to spend the month of June as salaried employees of Mademoiselle! They help write, illustrate and edit Mademoiselle's August college issue, sharing offices with the regular members of the staff. They advise on campus trends, interview well-known personalities and represent the magazine on visits to publishing houses, stores and advertising agencies. In addition, they are photographed for the August issue and receive consideration for future staff positions with Mademoiselle and other Conde Nast publications. The 1964 Guest Editors had a special bonus..... a flying trip to England, where they visited Stratford and Oxford between stays in London.

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## On Painting

John Thornton, who is filling in for Mr. Kupferman in the painting department, has written the following observations on his new post.

I am first struck by what seems to be an obvious assumption by everyone in the school: that a four-year college should conscientiously prepare students for such an economically unprofitable, disappointing and illusory occupation as painting. I had always considered painting as a rather risky self-indulgence that I did out of a compulsive need, not an economic one. I had assumed that people gave up good jobs and a stable emotional life for painting because they couldn't help themselves. Apparently I was wrong. I only hope nobody has deluded himself into thinking that an artist is just a competent journeyman whose work is a safe and sane means to the good life. The odds are against this, but to see so many willing to take the risk is quite encouraging.

Another fact impressed upon me is the extreme diversity of approaches evident in the student paintings. I had expected a general style to permeate the school and more specific styles to predominate in the individual classes. But there is a very exciting and very healthy variety of styles which is proof of the determined, independent, inventive and self-reliant student ego. I am always startled to find students who take intense pleasure in their work and who are not painting for a grade or just to please others, but who are trying again and again to realize a personal vision and to satisfy their own growing critical sense.

At the moment I am still trying, by myself, to get a first impression of myself as a teacher. Never having found myself in this position before, I feel as though I am in the middle of quite a blast...it will take a little time before the dust clears.



# OUR HEROINE

by Mary Ganley

Perhaps those of you adventurous souls (and there seem to be a great many this year) who have ventured into the Senior Painting Room, have paused a moment amidst the maze of artists' paraphernalia and works of all types, sizes, shapes and colors ("powder-form blue" is this year's specialty), and have noticed some particularly weird works of an oddball who thinks she's the reincarnation of Elmer Gantry. Even though she is a zero, she will indeed try to give an explanation of her works, which may have a slightly measured effect since both she and her works are almost completely unknown and relatively forsaken.

She is not a religious painter, even though she has, up until January, painted a tryptich on the Resurrection and has redone a past folly, The Next-to-the-Last Supper.

Obviously, this girl likes crowds, at least in paint; perhaps in flesh, she recoils in horror. What could possibly lead her to paint those casts of thousands in glorious Technicolor, grabbing, grappling, and enveloping each other as they do? Oddly enough, there is no personage of central importance; everybody's equal here, or so it seems. Recently, all of these religious paintings were smuggled out and carried off into seclusion, where with luck, say some certain acrylic fans, those old-fashioned, obsolete oils will disintegrate within two or three years.

Presently, Red Square, 1917, a reactionary little piece that vaguely resembles an overturned crate of Florida oranges, is being executed. The artist hopes to form from these vitamin-C-laden little noggins about 200 visages of frenzied Bolsheviks.

Returning to the tryptich, this person, our heroine, firmly denies being any kind of Freudian kook and continues to ignore all action against her: the placards we've posted, the brick-throwers we've hired, the acrylic propaganda....alas! all in vain!

When not painting new adventures, she is repainting old follies, hiding her shame under a coat of titanium white. Next on the agenda is a dyptich in which about five or six hundred doughboys shall valiantly march, and so she follows along with her trusty brush....an eye for him....oops! one too many....let's see, now....a nose for this little fella....ummm, it's getting just a little crowded in here....hey, now, listen, fella! I don't care if you are a doughboy....get OFF my foot! Uhhhh....excuse me, folks, there are so many people in here, I'm slowly ....getting... oof!....mod....ugh!....SPLAT!!!!

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## A Visual Computer

The following is a condensation of the preparatory lecture given by Mr. Hoener prior to his showing of the slides which are aimed at increasing visual perception.

The brain is very much like a computer, in, of course, infinite terms. The entire visual process, which is a function of this computer, is a series of electrical impulses fired to the brain producing a conglomerate image or impression.

The rods and cones (remember Miss Lennon?) act as receivers and convey information to the brain in various combinations of receiving members. Different rods are fired by different visual stimuli. Each impulse recorded is then transmitted through many more channels until it reaches the brain. It is quite obvious, therefore, that the image has several prejudiced areas to pass through, as well as registering in the brain, which also imposes its own concerns on the image, so that from generalities perceived, the brain fills in missing information, producing a highly personal adaptation of an individual's environment.

This brings us to the creative person. It is evident that a creative person can influence his "set" at will. During a "peak" experience, he can see things more clearly, since more rods are receiving, and more cells fire back a more accurate image to the brain. Colors are more intense, shapes are clearer and better defined. Things assume their own, true reality, unrelated to a personal interpretation. Time and space become distorted, and often, completely irrelevant. The experience of seeing and being become passive and enjoyable. In regard to this new "reality", the aesthetic experience is the "peak" experience, except that the aesthetic experience is directed. Art is intended to produce the aesthetic experience; the more refined the artist is, the more refined will be his work, and consequently, there will be fewer who appreciate it.

Any profound human or aesthetic experience will influence the "set". When the set is always open, the result is not an intellectual impression, but merely a series of sensations. When the "set" is always closed, the impulses transmit and register as information. When the "set" is operating with ideal conditions, the information is transferred into understanding.

P. M.



A PLACE...  
A PEACEFUL PLACE...  
WITH ME  
COME WITH ME  
TO THIS PLACE WITH ME  
TO THIS PLACE TOO PEACEFUL  
FOR ME ALONE...

This poem and the one on the following page  
are the prize winners by Willie Wegman





rocks and quiet thoughts  
twelve feathers heavier  
stones being abandoned  
when eyes like darker  
reflections  
flew blue into mine  
awaked pools of anxiety  
encircle me... envision  
you.  
feathers fall  
as you fly off  
to gather stones.





T. DIMOND

## THE END

The night was cold.....a night dark from the absence of the moon and stars. In another second it would have been over and I would have turned the flip-switch....but I hadn't, and I lay there on the sidewalk, a red stream oozing from my crumpled body....footsteps running down the pavement. The three shots were still ringing in my ears with piercing echoes.

My eyes opened and I could see my gun only inches from my hand.....MY HAND!.....and my hand could not move, could not feel, and beyond, they were running, the two of them down the dirty street and now they were slowing down! A hand reached down for my gun, around a cold handle....a finger curled around the trigger....at the end of the outstretched arm the gun jumped twice. I watched the lead missiles seek out the lumbering human masses, each on a different path. My eyes followed them till I lost them in the dark. A second passed, then two, and four, each taking an hour, and the two men buckled and dropped against the merciless bullets with amazing speed. My eyes began to close, and I felt my hand being moved... ..not a real feeling....but I knew that I had the gun in my hand.....and then I died.

by George Shaw





